

**homework**

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## homework by jupiterss

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** M/M, just some gay shit lol, richie's an annoying little dickhead i love him, swearing and sexual language

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

someone on tumblr.com asked me to write richie and eddie's first kiss so i did

## homework

Eddie was usually pretty good at keeping a tight schedule. He set alarms on his watch that allowed him to wake up and take his medications at the same time every day. He always brushed his teeth for exactly two and a half minutes and he even calculated the time it took to bike to school so he knew exactly when to leave the house. And he *never* left his homework to the last minute. So when his friends entered the school cafeteria during lunch break on Monday and saw Eddie already sitting at their table, hunched over a notebook and scribbling math equations down with more furious concentration than they had ever seen, his hair dishevelled and the bags under his eyes so intense it looked like he hadn't slept in a year, they were a little surprised, to say the least.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Eds, you look like shit,” Richie jeered, dropping gracelessly down into the seat next to him, apparently getting way too close because Eddie shuffled over and leant further into his task, making a point of turning his body slightly away. Richie, as per usual, didn't get the hint, and moved closer, sliding the notebook towards himself and holding it out in front of him.

“Fuck off Rich, give it back,” Eddie groaned, his voice hinting with desperation. He grabbed for the book only for Richie to yank it just out of his reach.

“Why are you doing calculus at lunch?” Richie snickered, then let out an overplayed gasp, “Holy shit, did Eddie spaghetti forget to do his homework?”

Eddie lurched forward and ripped the book out of his hands, putting it back down on the table.

“I'm not in the mood, asshole,” he huffed, made an attempt to smooth out the now crinkled paper, and went back to writing things down.

“That's not what your mom sai- OW!” Richie was cut off by Beverly's heel digging into his foot. “The fuck was that for?”

“Beep beep, Tozier,” she warned, shooting him a harsh glare.

“Didn't have to be so violent about it, that fucking hurt,” he whined, pouting at her. She rolled her eyes and returned to her book, some pretentious Virginia Woolf novel that Richie had already poked fun of earlier.

“Maybe it wouldn't have hurt so much if you didn't wear flip-flops to school like a douchebag,” Stan muttered from across the table. Ben stifled a laugh beside him and Richie hit his fist against his chest in mock offence.

“That really cuts deep, Stan,” he said, “I'll have you know these are *top of the line*.” He reached down under the table and lifted up one of the bright yellow flip-flops, waving it around in front of him. “Real high quality, these are. Leonardo Dicaprio wears them.”

“We're trying to eat here, dude,” Mike scoffed, and Richie dropped the shoe back on the ground with a smirk.

“Anyway, back to the very important matter at hand,” Richie turned his attention back to Eddie, who had somehow managed to appear even more stressed than before, “I need to know what happened over the weekend that was so unbelievably mind-blowing that Eds forgot to do his math homework. Seriously, what was it? Alien abduction? Or were you too busy thinking of me and jackin- FUCK! Again?” He swung his head around to Bev, eyes burning holes in him from behind her book. Eddie was trying his damn hardest to ignore him, but the hitch in his breath the twitch in his right eye and the way his jaw visibly clenched indicated he was two seconds away from being pushed over the edge. And everyone else seemed to pick up on that.

Except Richie. Because Richie was a fucking idiot.

“Come on Eds, tell us,” he inched his face closer to Eddie's, his chin hovering just over his shoulder and that *stupid* grin on his face. And that was it. Eddie slammed his book shut with enough force to make the table and everything on it shake. The rest of them looked up, eyebrows raised in shock. Eddie had his head down and his eyes squeezed shut, grinding his teeth. Richie didn't move, stuck in place from the sudden shock of his action.

“I swear to *fucking* god, if you don't shut up I'm going to rip your throat out and shove it so far up your ass that you'll-” Eddie turned

his head too quickly and was cut off as his the side of his nose hit Richie's and their lips awkwardly touched together. Eddie's eyes flung open wider than they had ever been. Richie was so close and out of focus that he couldn't make out his expression. Bill had chosen the perfect time to take a sip of water, and it was now spat all over Stan's shirt, and he was choking and sputtering while Mike patted him on the back, and the rest of them just stared in shocked silence.

After what seemed like the longest three seconds ever Eddie's senses caught up to him and he shoved Richie away violently, both of them looking at each other in abstract horror and the shared thought of *what the fuck just happened?*

No one really moved or said anything for what felt like ages, with the exception of Bill still low-key gasping for air.

"Well, that was-" Ben said and then trailed off, unsure of where he was going with the sentence in the first place.

Eddie started fumbling all his things together in a messy pile and stood up with it all in his arms. He opened his mouth to say something, but after a moment and a high-pitched strangled sound, snapped it shut, turned sharp on his heels and left.

Richie gawked after him as he stormed out, still staring as the cafeteria doors swung shut behind him. There was another minute of complete silence before someone spoke again.

"Holy shit," Bev said, then turned to Richie with a smirk, "we finally found a way to get you to shut up."